"WANTS" Go On Forever.

"WANTS" Printed This Year, Which Is About as Many as All the Other New York Papers Combined Contained.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1888,

# EXPIATION

Hawkins Hanged for the Murder of His Mother.



ASSELIN ASSURT HAWKINS, THE MURDERER.

### He Goes to the Gallows Without a Tremor of Fear.

Not Hungry on Arising, He Refuses to Eat Breakfast,

### Affecting Scene Between the Prisoner and His Afflanced.

ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. 1 RIVERHEAD, L. I., Dec. 11.-Franklin As bury Hawkins, the murderer of his mother, paid the panalty of his crims on the gallows in the Riverhead Jail yard this morning.

The drop fell at 8.33 o'clock. AWARENED AT 6 A. M.

Hawkins was awakened at 6 o'clock this morning at his own request. Robert Nugent, one of the death-watch, touched him on the shoulder.

The condemned man responded at once with "All right." He got up promptly and commenced to dress in his new black suit of broadcloth.

Nugent was going away, and Hawkins bid him good-by and said a few words regretting that the occasion of their meeting should have

been so sad. At 6.30 he was dressed and ready for th

priest, who was to be in the cell at that hour to administer the last consolation of his

Hawkins was asked to order his breakfast, but he said he would not eat anything. He was told by the Sheriff, who had been up all night, that he could have anything he wanted, but he declined to order.

His cell was opened and the young man walked up and down the corridor, stopping there and there to speak to prisoners who hap-

pened to be awake. He stood for some time in front of the cell occupied by Slowey, the Sag Harbor murderer, and talked with him in a low voice. He was cheerful and apparently cool and re

He had taken a bath before dressing, and in his new suit looks anything but a mur-

derer. Sheriff Petty walked through the corridor

and said, cheerfully : "Who's got a cigar for

Hawkins responded promptly with "Here's one for you. Sheriff, but look out for it, it may kill you, for it is one of Slowey's,"

He clasped hands with the Sheriff and talked with him a few minutes, reminding him of his promise to send one of his pictures to his affianced, and thanking him for the attention he had bestowed upon him.

Henry R. Pitts, another of the watch, was dined to be garrulous and was telling a ery long story, when Hawkins suddenly in

"Haven't you a blister on your tongue, you ive talked so long?"

### THE PRIEST ARRIVES.

At 6 o'clock Father McGlinchy celebrated mass at St. John's Church, and at 6.45 he appeared to the jail and administered communion to Hawkins and had pravers in the cell. At 8.32 Hawkins was marched out of the jail behind the executioner, and at 8.33 the rope had been cut.

Hawkins did not waver while he stood for few seconds under the rope, and when the

axe dropped his form sprang four feet into the air and dropped back with a dull sound that was plainly audible.

The body hung quietly, and hardly a tremor was noticed. The arms were pinioned,

but there was no rope on his legs. He was pronounced dead at 8.38, but was left hanging until 8.45, when the body was cut down and removed to the Court-House, where it was prepared for burial. It will be taken to Bayshore this afternoon.

The Sheriff admitted only the statutory number to witness the hanging. Among those present was Dr. Preston, of Patchogue, who was on the medical staff at the hanging of Benjaman Johnson, who shot his wife in Sayville fifty years ago. He was also at the hanging of Nicholas Behau, the last execution in Suffolk County before the present one. This was thirty-three years ago.

### HIS LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

Matricide Hawkins Calm and Composed and Without Brayade.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. 1 RIVERHEAD, L. I., Dec. 11.-Franklin As bury Hawkins's last night on earth was quiet and peaceful. The day had been an exciting one. The few friends and relatives who had not deserted him paid their farewell visit. Miss Hattie Shreck, of Brooklyn, the girl to whom he was affianced, arrived in Riverhead in the morning and was permitted to spend a few minutes with the prisoner.

The interview was very affecting. The conversation related to the spiritual welfare of each. The condemned man endeavored to comfort her with the assurance that he had experienced an entire change of heart and would meet her in heaven. The girl was taken from the cell weeping hysterically.

After a while she consented to examine her betrothed's effects, and took from among them such things as she cared to preserve as

Shortly after Miss Shreck had left, Hawkins's sister with a Miss Ketcham, his cousin and his uncle, J. Clarence Hawkins, and the Rev. D. McMullen, all of Islip, visited him. Hawkins's eyes filled with tears as he embraced his sister, and the prisoner was heard to murmur the words: "My poor mother, while the young woman bowed her head on the young man's shoulder and wept quietly for several minutes, and then, raising her head, she throw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

For some time they were allowed to talk together, the watchers and others withdraw-

Later Hawkins assured his friends that h Later Hawkins assured his friends that he had really undergone a charge of heart. He expressed the hope that his friends would not be too severe on him, and added:

"No matter what I have been I trust it will be remembered that I died a Christian, having fully repented the terrible crime which brings me where I am."

After the visitors had all gone the prisoner sat for a long time with his face bowed in his hands.

After the visitors had all gone the prisoner sat for a long time with his face bowed in his hands.

He was going over the whole story of his life. His frame shook at times with emotion, but there was nothing about him to suggest that that he dreaded the death in store for him.

He said he was not afraid to die, and was indifferent as to the hour he should be called upon to leave his close cell in the northwest corner of the second tier of cells in the grantite pile.

The way to the gallows was the whole length of the corridor and down a winding stone stairway, known as "The Pilgrim's Progress," and out of the narrow jail door and through the jail yard.

The gallows was the same upon which Danny Lyons and Dan Driscoll were hanged in the Tombs in New York City. It was creeted near the end of the jail yard, under a canvas tent at the south of the jail.

Hawkins passed a very quiet evening. The Sheriff, under a peculiar interpretation of his duty, prevented him from leaving his cell and kept every one away from him except the night watch.

Even the little mouse, which the condemned man had taught not to fear him and which had been his constant companion, was removed from the cell, and the doomed man was left entirety alone with his thoughts.

Early in the evening he threw himself upon his rude prison couch and lay there for a long time on his back, staring fixedly at the wall of his cell.

The priest came in to see him for a short conversation and tried to cheer him, but the young man had become intent and brooding.

His face was clouded, as though his thoughts were prompted by the old spirit which had pervaded his life—a desire for revenge.

which had pervaded his life—a desire for revenge.

It was after 10 o'clock when the watchers looking into his cell roused the young man from his reveries, and he prepared himself for bed.

His sleep was disturbed. He rolled from side to side, and several times raised himself upon his elbow and stared fixedly out through the grated doorway at the deathwatch, who dozed in their chairs. It was a quiet night for the last one on earth.

The Sheriff was around all night.

He felt the position keenly and was fearful lost something might happen to his prisoner. Joe Atkinson, the hangman, had done his preliminary work and the gallows stood below in the night air, and from the cross-beam moving to and fro in the breeze hung the rope from the end of which the condemned man would dangle in the morning.

Once or twice during the night a crowd collected on the street near the jail, and stared with morbid curiosity at the granite building.

It was long after midnight before Hawkins appeared to sleep soundly. He was awake at a collected and a stared with a sound and stared and and after and a stared and a sta

appeared to sleep soundly. He was awake at 3 o'clock and got out of his bed, and, after speaking pleasantly to his watchers, went back to his couch, and in a few minutes was

### HE WAS ALWAYS CRUEL.

Young Hawkins's Earliest Years Marked

Franklin Asbury Hawkins began twenty three years ago the life which this morning ended on the gallows. He was the first child which followed the union of Capt. Franklin Hawkins, of Islip, and Miss Clock, the daughter of a very respectable family. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins moved in the best society of the township. Franklin Hawkins was in the lumber trade and amassed a comfortable fortune. The couple lived in fine style and

fortune. The couple lived in fine style and
the infant Asbury was surrounded with comfort and luxury.

He was a cold, sullen child, repaying the
indulgence of his parents and those that surrounded him by victous and vindictive ways
and stolid insensibility to kindness.

In point of feeling, he was not merely cold.
He loved cruelty and revelled in inflicting
pain on harmless animals. To choke a kitten
or tear the legs from a quivering frog was a
delightful recreation to him, Mrs. Hawkins

Continued on Third Page.

### AFTER THE COMPTROLLER

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN DECIDE TO INVESTIGATE HIM.

in the New Market-Fatty Walsh's Get-ting There Is the Origin of the Trouble-Interesting Facts About Subletting the Stalls Coming Out.

The allotment of space in the new West Washington Market is the occasion for the appointment of an investigating Committee. Some of the Aldermen and more of their constituents are dissatisfied with Comptroller Myers's action in this matter, and the Aldermen hunted up the legislation regarding markets, discovering what they had not known before—that the Comptroller's control of them is subject to the action of the Common

Council. One of the causes for complaint is said to be the allotment of three stands to ex-Tombs Warden " Fatty " Waish.

With reference to this Mr. Walsh says that

With reference to this Mr. Walsh says that he was granted the restaurant privilege in the new market and less space would hardly suffice for restaurant purposes.

Alderman Cowie, the Republican representative from the Thirteenth Assembly District, is one of the aggrieved parties, and to The Evening Wonld reporter he gave as the cause of his grievance the fact that the North River Fish and Game Company, which never had a stand in the old market, is given ten in the new by the Comptroller.

This company, he said, is located on private property at Pier 24, has had no occasion to move, and should not be preferred above citizens of New York who are anxious to do business in the new market.

The real cause of Alderman Cowie's complaint, however, is alleged to be the failure to

The real cause of Alderman Cowie's complaint, however, is alleged to be the failure to secure sufficient space in the new market for his friend and heeler, Henry Hirsch.

Hirsch is a saloon keeper and prominent Republican politician of the Thirteenth District, and has secured three or four stands which is said he does not propose to use himself, but to subjet, thus securing a goodly profit to himself.

This subjetting of stalls is an evil which Comptroller Myers tried hard to prevent, but evidently without success.

A well-known Tammany Hall politician said to an Evening World reporter this morning:

morning:
"You will find that while an attempt ha "You will find that while an attempt has been made to lease stalls only to New Yorkers that about half the stands in the new market will be occupied by Jerseymen on subleases. A great many men have leased stands with the single idea of subletting them. They have no idea of making money by the sale of produce, but by the sale of the leases at a handsome profit.

Comptroller Myers says that he courts the investigation which will reveal the fact that those loudest in their complaints are the same persons whose demands were most unjust and unreasonable.

### DRANK A PINT OF POISON.

lookkeeper Crawford Makes Short Work of His Life at the Stanwix House,

Coroner Eidman was called upon this morning to investigate the suicide of Willam H. Crawford, aged twenty-three years, who swallowed two half-pint bottles full of laudanum at the Stanwix House, Third avenue and Sixty-fifth street, and died at Bellevus at 3 A. M.

at 3 A. M.

The young man engaged a room at the hotel Sunday night, registering as William Cook, and was found dying on the floor.

From letters found on him it was discovered that his mother and friends live in Philadelphia. His mother in letters advises him not to give up hope, as he has plenty to live for. On an envelope in which was inclosed a number of letters was written the following:

Will the finder kindly return to W. H. Creat. Will the finder kindly return to W. H. Craw-ford, 241 West Fourth street, and receive the thanks on earth and look for reward in heaven— if you go that was

The suicide worked until Saturday as bookkeeper for George H. Adams, a map and book publisher, at 59 Beekman street, but was discharged for lack of work for him. He told Mr. Adams he had a family trouble with his brother. Capt. Gunner, of the East Sixty-seventh street station, has a letter di-rected to one of Crawford's relatives.

### JERSEY CITY NEWS.

Trusty Squeals on His Pal and Tells Hov They Plotted a \$3,000 Robbery.

Frank White and George Trusty wer taken before Chief Murphy this morning to be "pumped" in relation to their plan to rob Jeweller Charles E. Page, of 522 Newark

avenue. White struck a tragic pose and, raising hi handcuffed hand, exclaimed, "I swear sir, by my sainted mother in heaven, that am innocent."

am innocent."

Upon this, Trustyl turned a look of disgust on his "pard" and shouted. "You contounded liar, you put up the whole job."

Then Trusty related the whole scheme, telling how White had located Pago's strongbox, containing \$5,000 worth of watches, and planned to steal it, and how but for the detection of their smaller theft the plan would would have been carried out. The prisoners were held for trial,

### Jersey City Jettings. Jacob Nelson, the pawbroker whose trial for usury has been progressing for three days, wa-fined \$50 and costs by Justice Blilsing this

James Watt and Edward Maley, laborers on the city water pipes, were horribly burned this morning by molten lead splashed by a falling ladle in Rose avenue. Dr. Finn attended them.

Sarah Jane Bursel. a ten-year-old orphanod pickanniny, who lives with her annt, Mrs. Harris, at 95 Cole street, ran away to Neward yesterday, and when brought to Jersey City this morning told Chief Murphy that she ran away ' just for divilment."

Pittsburg's May Festival. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] Pittsbune, Dec. 11.-Gen. Harrison will nvited to open the Pittsburg May festival. The nvitation will be engraved on steel plate.

A Job Would Best Suit Him. to the Editor of The Evening World ; A letter telling me where I could get a jo would be a most acceptable find.
GEORGE F. CLARWOOD.

### Sweet Flowers.

The fairest buds are often the first to wither, and the ravages of disease make havoc with the beauty, as well as the strength and happiness of the fair sex. The prevalent disorders among American women are those of a most distressing description. These "weaknesses," as they are suggestively termed, insidiously sap the health, and the patient becomes pale and emaciated, the appetite grows fickle and feeble; she loses alrength as the attacks increase in severity, and is in despair. There is relief for all such sufferers in Da. Pierce's world-famed Favorire Parsonirity, which cures all "female complaints." Its use is followed by cessation of the "dray ging-down" pains, return of appetite, and in due course, vigorous health. "."

### A STREET-CAR SMASH-UP.

venue C Passengers Wedged in Among Falling Glass and Splintered Wood. A scene of great confusion and excitement was occasioned by the collision of two street cars on the east side shortly after midnight

this morning. One of the cars was No. 1, of the Pavonia Ferry Company, driven by William Quinn, which was going northward on Avenue C. The other was a Forty second street and East Houston Ferry car, running rapidly across on

Houston Ferry car, running rapidly across on Second street.

The two cars dashed into each other at the corner of Avenue C and Second street. The shouts of hearse-voiced men mingled with the shrill cries of the female passengers, all alike being wedged helplessly in and some being thrown stop of the others.

The windows of both cars were shattered, and the noise of the crashing glass intensified the peril of the situation.

One of the horses, with a gash in his side and mad with pain, reared and plunged, to the imminent danger or all near him.

Above the Babel of confused sounds arcse the fierce ejaculations of the drivers, each blaming the other for the accident.

As rapidly as possible the cars were emptied and an inventory of damages taken. Beyond some cuts and bruises the passengers escaped serious, injury. The horse will probably be shot.

### BOSTON WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

Out in the Rain, Voting on the School Question-O'Brien's Chances Good.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
BOSTON, Dec. 1L.—The city election in Soston this year is the most remarkable for years, because of the intense interest manifested in the result by the women.

Hot as the contest is for the Mayoralty and Board of Aldermen, it is entirely over shadowed by the fight on the school ques

shadowed by the fight on the school question.

At every precinct in every ward in the city to-day are stationed women ballot-distributors with the ticket for the School Committee.

Despite the pouring rain, the woman vote has been very heavy in all the wards. In Ward Eleven over one hundred had voted up to 10 o'clock, and the indications are that at least twenty thousand female votes will be thrown in the city to-day.

Women in backs are hurrying to and from the residences of the fair voters.

O'Brien and Hart are running close throughout the city. The indications point to the re-election of Honest Hugh by an increased majority over his vote of 1887.

The disagreeable weather is a good omen for the Democracy.

### YOUNG WELLS LOCKED UP.

Miss Irving Had a Vile Letter Which Sh Believed He Sent to Her.

Palmer B. Wells, jr., is having a peck of trouble these days. Besides having to stand trial in a \$50,000 suit for slander brought by Miss Minna Irving, the well-known sweet singer of Tarrytown, he is placed under arrest at the insignation of the fair poetess, who showed to Anthony Comstock a vile letter and a drawing which she, according to her affidavit, beheves to have come from Wells. Young Wells, who is a clerk in the employ of the Coalville Coal Company, 171 Broadway, was taken before Commissioner Shields and, being unable to furnish the \$2,000 bail required, was locked up in Ludlow Street Jail.

To an Evening World reporter who saw him there this morning he denied having written the letter and said he was not lunatic enough, even if so inclined, to write letters of this character when he expected to stand a civil suit for damages.

He further said that he thought Miss Irving was aware that she could not make anything out of the civil action, and took this means of annoying him. rest at the insegnation of the fair postess, who

annoying him.

Wells, who seems to feel his position keenly, said that he expected his father would furnish bail some time to-day. His attorney is John B. Perry, of 82 Broadway.

### THE BADGERS ALL INDICTED.

Phil Daly's Entrappers Charged with Rob bery and Assault in the First Degree.

Edward Meredith, who shot Gambler Phi Daly in Addie Stanton's Fourth-avenue flat was brought from the Tombs to the Suprem Court and arraigned before Judge Andrews this morning on a writ of babeas corpus, his counsel seeking to have him admitted to bail.

The hearing was adjourned until 11 o'clock to-morrow morning, to await the action of the Grand Jury.

That body found indictment of robbery in

That body found indictment of robbery in the first degree and a-sault in the first degree against Meredith, Hermann, Addie Stanton and Ella Hammond to day.

The quartet will be arraigned before Judge Martine, in Part 1 of the Court of General Sessions, late this afternoon.

Lawyer Le Barbier, counsel for the women, says he thinks he can get them off; but he will not be ready for trial until after the holidays. He will try and have Addie Stanton bailed this afternoon. He says she can get bail in any amount up to \$10,000.

### SHERIFF GRANT HOME AGAIN.

His Visit to President Cleveland Was Only a Friendly Call, He Says.

Mayor elect Hugh J. Grant and State Ser stor Eugene L Ives returned from their four. days' holiday trip to Warrenton, Va., this norning.

morning.

The Sheriff expressed himself as highly gratified and much refreshed by his short vacation, which is the first he has had this year. He said:

"I got sway for a few days where I could forget the cares of office and where even a newspaper couldn't reach me to remind me of them."

them."

Now that he is returned, however, the Mayor-elect is anxious to know all the news, and was particularly desirous of knowing if Mayor Hewitt had made new appointments in piace of Commissioner of Public Works D. Lowber Smith and Corporation Counsel Beckman.

Concerning the details of his visit to President.

Concerning the details of his visit to President Cleveland he did not care to speak, saying that it was only a friendly call,

Lighterage Engineers Back at Work. The strike of the twenty hoisting engineers of the New York Steam Lighterage and Transportation Company has been settled, and with few tation company has been settled, and with few exceptions, the men have returned to work at the company's terms. Agent Moore claims that the company had been paying 30 cents an hour for overtime for two years past, when the rate should have been 20 cents an hour.

#### A New Definition. Young Hopeful—Papa, the prefix "trans

neans across, doesn't it? Old Hopeful (delightedly)—Yes, my son; as: transatiantic, which means across the Atlantic Young Hopeful — Well, then, transparen means a cross parent, doesn't it?

2 O'CLOCK.

Explosion and Fire in Chicago This Morning.

Three Men Killed and One Fatally Injured.

Several Miraculous Escapes and as Hour of Great Excitement.

Dynamite May Have Been the Cause of the Disaster.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] CHICAGO, Dec. 11 .- An explosion took place soon after 2 o'clock this morning in David Oliver's oatmeal mill on North Halstee

street. The sides of the building were blown by the force of the explosion, and almost in a flash the entire mill was ablaze.

The mill was in operation during the night as usual, and it is believed three men have lost their lives. The following named men are believed to have been killed :

CHARLES A. MILLER, night engineer. JOHN SMITH, millman. EARNEST CAMPAR, Second miller.

John Holmes, the second engineer, was lown out of the building into the street, a distance of over thirty feet. His injuries are

distance of over thirty feet. His injuries are very serious, but not necessarily fatal.

On the corner of Fulton street adjoining the mill was a double frame building occupied by Charles Murphy. The upper rooms were occupied by a family who miraculously escaped from the building after the roof had been blown off.

In the rear of the mill were a number of small residences and saloons. These are utterly demolished. The buildings on Halsted street opposite the mill are almost totally ruined.

utterly demolished. The buildings on Halsted street opposite the mill are almost totally ruined.

The scene in the street in front of the mill is a chaos of the wildest description. Tons of bricks are piled upon the car tracks and the entire Fire Department is at work playing huge streams of water on the flery mass.

Sensational rumors of the explosion being caused by dynamite are being circulated.

The Fire Department is of opinion that the explosion took place in the boiler-room.

The financial loss is about \$78,000.

After the fire which took place was extinguished Marshal Gabriel commenced an investigation and satisfied himself that there were only three bodies in the ruins—those of Earnest Caspar, John Christianson and Charles Miller.

Caspar was the cupola man, and he worked on the top of the mill. The cupola was hurled 100 feet away, and the body of the victim is in the ruins. Christianson was the kiln man, and his body is in the southwest corner of the mill, covered by tons of debris. Miller is the engineer, and is no doubt buried near the boiler.

Marshal Gabriel has a force of thirty men digging in the ruins.

The boilers have been uncovered and it was

digging in the ruins.

The boilers have been uncovered and it was

# of the explosion remains to be discovered. The building was 100 by 40 feet and four stories high.

MRS. PARSONS WILL NOT WED.

She Declares that She Doesn't Even Know Editor Bernstein. A report was printed in one of the morning papers that Mrs. Lucy A, Parsons, the widow A. R. Parsons, who was executed on Nov. 11, 1887, for participating in the Haymarket

mobs, was to be married. In an interview Mrs. Parsons was reported In an interview airs. Farsons was reported to have acknowledged that the prospective bridegroom was editor Bernstein, of the German Social Democrat, a socialistic organ dated in Zurich, Switzerland, but which is really printed in London. She couldn't tell when or where the ceremony would take place, saying that the arrangements had not yet been made.

yet been made.

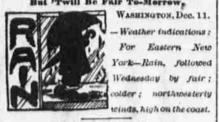
An Evening World reporter found Mrs.
Parsons in Schlag's saloon on Fifth street this morning.

She wore a long black cloak and a black crape hat. A pair of black jet earrings hung from her ears.
"Is it true that you are to be married?"

"Is it true that you are to be married?"
asked the reporter.
"What do you mean? Such a question is
beneath my notice," answered Mrs. Parsons,
in a rather surprised manner. The reporter
showed the newspaper article to her, and
after reading it she said:
"This is a chain of unmitigated falsehoods.
There is not a particle of truth in the statements. This story is merely gotten up for
sensational effect and to kill whatever little
induced my return might have on our move-

sensational effect and to kill whatever little influence my return might have on our movement. I have only been gone five weeks, and now that I have returned I will continue work on my husband's book. I don't even know Editor Bernstein, and you may say that I don't remember having seen any reporter from the paper which printed this story."

# But 'Twill Be Fair To-Morrow,



The Weather To-Day. Indicated by Blakely's tele-thermometer: 1888, 1887 1888, 1887 41 55 0 a m. 40 50 age for the past twenty-four bours, 42% de Average for corresponding time last year, 5414 de-grees.

Forged Orders for Butter. Maurice Fisher, aged eighteen, of 53 Bowers, was held at the Tombs Court to-day on a charge of getting three tubs of butter at different times from Thurber, Whyland & Co. in the name of Max Jaborski on forged orders.

ADMIRAL'S FLAG.

satle and Activity Still Mark the Navy-Yard Preparations-A Reporter's Morning Call on the Galena's Captain and Cheery Words from BHer Executive Officer. Who Wants to Get Away.

The blue silk flag with two sma white tars about the centre—Rear-Admiral Luce's signal-was run up to the peak of the mizzenmast on board the United States man-of-war Galena at 8 o'clock this morning.

The Admiral had not moved his traps from the Richmond to the Galena at 10 a. M., how

The Galena and Richmond still lay close to each other at the Cob Dock in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard this morning.

Navy-Yard this morning.

It began to rain hard when an Evenino Wohld young man got to the navy-yard today. The yard and the many yellow-painted buildings looked very dreary under the dripping rain.

The reporter was halted and made to explain his business before he had gone very far. Then he was given a yard pass.

Marines or guards paced to and fro at intervals, They looked glum and disconsolate. Two groups of recruits, in charge of boyish ensigns, were met on their way to the menof-war.

ensigns, were met on their way to the menof-war.

His pass took the reporter to the landing, where a flat-bottomed scow took passengers across an intervening strip of water to the Cob Doek. For safety the old tub was run on a rope, and affair something like the Bridge cable. A marine told the reporter he would have to get another pass before he could make the voyage. But this difficulty was overcome and he passed to the Cob Dock. A walk of five minutes then brought him to the Galena.

All was bustle and activity on board. As the reporter stepped on board a sentinel stepped briskly forward and with bayonet crossed barred the way.

"Your business?" he asked.

"Reporter from the New York Evening World. I want to see Capt. Sumner."

"Advance. He is in his cabin."

And there he was found. He is a good looking gentleman, and very courteous.

"Do you sail to-day?" asked the reporter.

"We have not received the word yet. We are under sailing orders, and have been for twenty-four hours. We only await the word "Go."

"It would be a stormy start to-day." gng.

Go,'"
"It would be a stormy start to-day," sug-

"Go."
"It would be a stormy start to-day," suggested the visitor.

"Yes," returned the Captain, glancing out on the turbulent waters through his cabm window. "This is going to be a severe storm, too. Unless the word was peremptory I would not sail in this weather."

"Will Admiral Luce go with you?"
"I expect he will. I am sorry I have no news to give you."
Out on the rain-swept deck the reporter went again.

A big man, handsome, and dressed in a natty uniform and big storm coat, was shouting orders that were heard and obeyed from stem to stern of the Galena. This was the executive officer, Lieut. W. H. Reeder, one of the jolliest and most popular officers on board. From the cook in the pantry up to the Admiral every one likes Reeder.

"Am I surious to start?" he said, repeating a question put to him by the reporter. Then he answered: "Well, rather. I hate this cold, misty weather, and am anxious for a change in a warmer climate."

"Will you whip the Haytians?"

"Undoubtedly. Lick 'em clean out of their boots. Hi, there! you messenger, go get a rubber coat. You'll get wet to the skin, catch cold and die. We can't afford to lose a good man that way."

This he shouted to a delicate-looking ind who was acting as messenger for the day.

It is by little acts like that that Mr. Reeder has gained his popularity.

THE MACHINE WAS ADJUSTED FOR DUDES.

Bridgeport "Striker." [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Dec. 11.-Lew Black man, who runs a popular café on Fairfield avenue, was presented vesterday with a baldheaded eagle by William Richardson, a farmer, living in Tahan. The eagle was

placed in Blackman's front window on exhi-

placed in Blackman's front window on exhibition.

The bird of prey loosened its fastenings and in being pursued about the cafe for recapture it flew against the cushion of a patent striking machine with such force that it killed the eagle and caused the machine to register the blow at 180 pounds.

The eagle weighed fifty pounds, and to strike a blow of 180 pounds must necessarily have a velocity of 132 miles an hour. As the velocity of an eagle is but 100 miles an hour the blow could have been but 185 pounds, and as no such velocity can be gotten up in so short a distance the register of 180 pounds was ahogether too high.

Thus it has been scientifically discovered that dudish Bridgeport young men who have been pounding the machine with 180-pound blows have only hit it feather taps, as the pointer is adjusted to give him who hits the cushion a good opinion of himself.

TRENE'S BODY MAY BE IN THE TRUNK. Three More Arrests in the Hawes Case at

Birmingham, Ala. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 11 .- Another negro as been arrested in the Hawes case, but the officers refuse to say whether they believe him guilty or not. Lake View is still being dragged in search

ing daughter. Gov. Seav arrived at midnight A sensational rumor has been started that the Ecening News office will be blown up by dynamite and military has gone to protect if.

A trunk which is thought to contain the body of Irene has been found eight miles

from the city.

of the body of little Irene Hawes, the miss-

Two negroes who were seen to carry the trunk off have been arrested. The trunk will be opened some time to-day. A Bullet Imbedded in the Wall. William Hassett, of 36 Greenwich street, i under arrest on suspicion of shooting at his wife. About 10 o'clock last night a little gir ran up Officer Campbell on Greenwich stree and told him a man had shot his wife at No. 36.
He went there, but man and wife denied everything. He, however, found a builet imbedded in the wall and told william he was under arrest. At the Tomba Police Court he was held for examination.

Warden Keefe Was Sufficated. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

HALIYAN, N. S., Dec. 11.-The Warden' quarters in the Dorchester Penitentiary took fire last night and Deputy Warden Keefe was suffocated by smoke. His wife was rescued, but had a very narrow escape.

NOT YET OFF TOWARD HAYTI JEALOUSY AND MADNESS.

PRICE ONE CENT.

GENOA'A MURDERER. His Victim Lies To-Day at the Morgue

four years, in whose pockets were found papers bearing the name of Harry Nowitz, Hes

evidently a madman, is still at large. At 5.30 last evening this young man en-tered the basement cobbler's shop of Rossario Disalvo, an Italian, at 232 East Forty-sixth

spreads, of which he was a peddler. Seated at the shoemaker's bench at work was Giovanni Genoa, a tall, handsome man of thirty years. Nowitz seated himself on a hair-cloth sofa against the wall beside a

smooth, clean young peddler cheerily chucked the maiden under the chin and ex-

Hundred and Tenth street from an elevated train, which he took at 6 o'clock at Sixty-seventh street.

Vincenzo Provenzano said in the musical broken English peculiar to his people: "Genoa worked for me last year three weeks. He came from Campobasso, Italy, and has no friends in America. He is thirty years old and stoops a little to the right. He was what you call a crazy man. He slept with me and he would wake me up at night by taking hold of my throat and screaming."

The narrator limstrated his story graphically with his own hands, and his aged father nodded and grunted assent. Genoa was sent away because of the fear of Provenzano that he would kill him some night.

He had worked in Williamsburg (or at least "across the ferry.") and for the last eight months had been employed by Disalvo.

The latter, a highly intelligent Italian, but who knows no English to speak of, explained, by dint of eloquent hands, eyes and mouth, that the murderer was always silent, glum and scowling:

"Cross man," he said. He was a hard worker, however, and put away in his inside poeket all of the \$1.50 a week which he received besides his board and a lodging on the hair-cloth sofa in the shop.

He was a pretty man, and made love to Cecilia, but she did not like him, for he dressed poorly and was cross. He was jealous, the father explained, and he thought him cray.

Disalvo was sure the murderous lunatic had

NOT AFRAID THE CHICAGO POLICE. Valderman, the Aparchist, on His Way to

burg groups for several days.

He is now on the way to New York to encourage his brethren there.

He said they were not afraid of the Chicago

Clifton Entries for To-Merrow. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] CLIPTON (N. J.) RACE TRACE, Dec. 11,-Hen First Rane-Purse 8250; one mile, Falsehood, 118; Quiney, 115; Bright Kyes, 115; Alex T., 115; J. J. Realy, 115; Lafitte, 115; Brynwood, 115; Relax,

Powderly's Picture Taken Down. ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. 1 Pirrishuno, Dec. 11,-Mr. Powderly's picture as been taken from the wall of the headquarters District Assembly No. 3 and hidden in a

"John L. Sullivan," called Justice Duffy at Essex Market this morning, and an aged man with snow-white hair stepped to the bar. "Oh, why does liquor steal away men't brains?" quoted the Justice. "Why do you disgrace that noble name?"

"I differ with you. Judge. I don't believe that the name of a prize-fighter is noble." He was fined \$5.

BUT THE GALENA PROUDLY DISPLAYS THE THE COMBINATION THAT MADE GIOVANNI

While the Slayer Hides from the Detec-tives-A Dark-Eyed Little Girl Prostrated by Nervous Shock Over the Tragedy—The Murderer's Eccentricities.

An unidentified man of perhaps twenty dead at the Morgue to-day and his murderer,

street, to offer for sale table-covers and bed-

pretty, big-eyed Italian girl of thirteen years, Cecilia Disalvo.

The cobbler secwied and hammered in a nail with vicious energy, and when the

smooth, clean young peddler cheerily chucked the maiden under the chin and exclaimed jocosely, "Pretty girl!" he swore in Italian and, throwing his hammer at the visitor, ordered him, with many hissed imprecations, to leave the shop.

Cecilia screamed and fied to the living apartments in the rear of the shop, and the peddler, still smiling, arose to take his leave.

The infuriated cobbler was not done, however. He arose from his work with his shoeknife in hand, and leaping upon the younger man, cut and slashed vigorously.

The first blow went straight through the stranger's right lung and the blood followed the knife out and spurted on the dingy wall of the cramped little shop.

A second blow made a gash in the left side of the young man, as he staggered out of the shop and up the steps to the sidewalk.

The infuriated Italian, following closs, stabbed Nowitz in the left side of the neek. Severing the carotid artery and jugular vein. By this time the two were one hundred feet west of the shoe shop, and Nowitz fell, bleeding to death before any one reached him. The murderer ran on and turned into Third avenue.

A few minutes later he was at another basement cobbler shop, at 913 Third avenue, kept by Vincenzo Provenzano, for whom he had once worked. There he borrowed an old, faded, blue checked coat and black Derby hat, saying he would return them in five minutes. He wanted to run around the corner to Second avenue,

The last seen of him, he alighted at One Hundred and Tenth street from an elevated train, which he took at 6 o'clock at Sixty-seventh street.

Vincenzo Provenzano said in the musical broker was a said to the first provention of the provention of the said of the first provention of the said of the first provention of the said of the first provention of the said of t

Disalvo was sure the murderous lunatic had not more than \$15, and said that he could speak no English except about shoes and cobbling.

The Italian Central Office detectives, Penazzo and Tessaro, were put upon the case last night, and Detectives Ouff and Shelley, of the East Fifty-first street station, and detectives of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station are searching through the Italian quarters for him.

Pretty, dark-eyed Cecilia, the innocent cause of the murder, is ill to-day with ner-yous shock, and Antonio, a son of Disalvo, sits in Giovanni's place at the bench, begin-ning to learn his father's trade.

New York to Encourage His Brethren. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] PITTSBURG, Dec. 11.-Valderman, a Chl. ago Anarchist, has been working with Pitts.

police.
"If the entire police force of Chicago was
massed in one street still the Anarchists have
sufficient power to crush them," he said. are the entries for Wednesday, Dec. 12: Healy, 115; Lafitte, 115; Brynwood, 115; Rolar, 115 B.
Second Race-Purse \$250; saven furiongs.—Carnegis, 118; Lancaster, 118; Bishop, 118; Pat Daly, 118; Drumstick, 115; Speedwell, 110; Courtier, 110; Anomaly, 110 B.
Third Race-Purse \$250; mile and one-eighth; self-ing allowances.—Eight, 111; Rishelieu, 110; Volatile, 108; Bellwood, 105; Adenis, 105; Full Sail, 96; Whest, 96; B.
Fourth Race-Purse \$500; handicap; seven furiongs.—Adolph, 121; Sovid, 118; Lord Beaconsinid, 111; Rounis S., 111; Lancaster, 105; Prodigal, 105; Specialty, 104; tilory, 100; King Arthur, 92; Bary 7; 10; Dr.
Fifth Race-Purse \$500; six and one-half furiongs.—Bishop, 128; Lord Beaconsinid, 128; Walne, 125; Adolph, 125; Malachi, 97; Glory, 97; Servia, 97 ib.

loset.

The cork workers will hold a meeting to-night and withdraw from the Knights of Labor. An Anti-Prize-Fighting Sullivan.